

days, but by no possible effort can I recall much that I would fain remember. The dust of passing years has blurred the details, even in part the general outlines of the picture. The blessed faculty of forgetting is variously displayed in us. In some, as in our distinguished countryman, John Beattie Crozier, it is absent altogether, and he fills chapter after chapter with delightful reminiscences and descriptions of his experiences and mental states.* At corresponding periods—we are about the same age—my memory hovers like a shade about the magic circle which Ulysses drew in Hades, but finds no Tiresias to lift the veil with which oblivion has covered the past. Shadowy as are these recollections, which,

“be they what they may
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing,”

they are doubly precious from their association with men who welcomed me into the Faculty, now, alas ! a sadly reduced remnant. To them—to their influence, to their example, to the kindly encouragement I received at their hands—I can never be sufficiently grateful. Faithfulness in the day of small things may be said to have been the distinguishing feature of the work of the Faculty in those days. The lives of the senior members taught us youngsters the lesson of professional responsibility, and the whole tone of the place was stimulating and refreshing. It was an education in itself, particularly in the amenities of faculty and professional life, to come under the supervision of two such Deans as Dr. George Campbell and Dr. Palmer Howard. How delightful it would be to see the chairs which they adorned in the school endowed in their memories and called by their names !

One recollection is not at all shadowy—the contrast in my feelings to-day only serves to sharpen the outlines. My first appearance before the class filled me with a tremulous uneasiness and an overwhelming sense of embarrassment. I had never lectured, and the only paper I had read before a society was with all the possible vaso-motor accompaniment. With a nice consideration my colleagues did not add to my distress by their presence, and once inside the lecture room the friendly greeting of the boys calmed my fluttering heart, and, as so often happens, the ordeal was most severe in anticipation. One permanent impression of the session abides—the awful task of the preparation of about one hundred lectures. After the ten or twelve with which I started were exhausted I was on the treadmill for the remainder of the session. False pride forbade the reading of the excellent lectures of my predecessor, Dr. Drake, which, with his wonted goodness of heart, he had offered.

* *My Inner Life*, Longmans, 1898.